

# At 17

## Sitti

I learned the truth at seventeen  
That love was meant for beauty queens  
And high school girls with clear skinned smiles  
Who married young and then retired

The valentines I never knew,  
The friday nights,  
Charades of youth  
Were spent on those more beautiful  
At seventeen I learned the truth

And those of us with ravaged faces,  
Lacking in the social graces  
Desperately remained at home inventing lovers on the phone  
Who called and say "come dance with me" and murmured vague obscenities  
It isn't all it seems at seventeen

A brown eyed girl in hand-me-downs,  
Whose name I never could pronounce  
Said"Pity, please, the ones who serve,  
They only get what they deserve.

The rich relationed home-town queen  
Marries into what she needs  
With a guarantee of company  
And haven for the elderly"

Remember those who win the game,  
Lose the love they sought to gain  
In debentures of quality and dubious integrity  
Their small town eyes will gape at you  
In dull surprise when payment due  
Exceeds accounts received at seventeen

To those of us who know the pain  
Of valentines that never came,  
And those whose name were never called  
When choosing sides for basketball

It was long ago and far away

The world was younger than today  
And dreams were all they gave for free  
To ugly duckling girls like me

We all play the game  
And when we dare to cheat ourselves at solitaire  
Inventing lovers on the phone,  
Repenting other lives unknown  
That call and say "Come dance with me",  
And murmur vague obscenities  
At ugly girls like me,  
At seventeen

Dadadadada... dadada... dada...

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Lyrics submitted by Jimmy Legaspi.

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